

# THE CONFESSIONS OF A WIFE

## THE OTHER GIRL

### Chapter XVIII.

Dick's sister Mollie is an "imp o'satan," but I'll love her if she will let me. She is clever, and, if she is properly trained, will make a brilliant and lovable woman. (I suppose that Dick would say this was Mrs. School-teacher speaking.) At present she is rather out of sorts with me because her darling brother married entirely out of his set.

When she brought up Miss Fairlow I knew this was "the other girl"—the girl every one expected Dick to marry. And when I looked into Eleanor Fairlow's face I knew she loved Dick.

How did I know it?

Don't ask me, little book of my secrets. Every woman who loves a man knows instinctively if another woman loves him. I remember very well the first time I thought I was in love. I rushed into the principal's office one day and found a woman there. She was at the window with her back to me, but I knew by the way the rose on her hat bobbed and nodded all the time I was talking to him that she, too, cared for the man sitting there.

In the same way I knew that the girl looking up into my face as Mollie said, "Madge, this is an old friend of Dick's and mine—Miss Fairlow," that she still cared for Dick.

Especially was this shown when Mollie said, maliciously: "You see, Eleanor, Dick was fibbing all the time when he said he did not like red hair."

"There is red hair and red hair," said Miss Fairlow, with a smile which gave to her dark face, with its wonderfully speaking eyes and somewhat full, sensuous mouth, a rare beauty.

I wonder why Dick did not stay in love with her, for I knew that no man with red blood in his veins could be near that provocative mouth for long without an irresistible desire to kiss the warm red lips and lay his cheek

upon the ripples of that midnight hair as luminous as the glistening feathers of an eagle's wing in the sunlight.

I like Eleanor Fairlow. She is a proud woman; a clever woman and a woman that I shall enjoy to call my friend. When I sensed her warm hand-clasp I felt she was big enough not to blame me for the loss of Dick's love.

"I am awfully glad to know Dick's friends," I said as Mollie left us, "and I hope I shall see much of you."

"I am leaving town for a while, but when I return I shall only be too glad to welcome Dick Waverly's wife among my close friends."

"Bravo!" I said to myself, "you're true blue and I'm going to like you even better than I thought."

I wonder if I could have risen to the same height if I had been the one deserted and she the one who had won.

At the thought all my philosophy fell away from me and a wave of primitive passion enveloped me.

Dick was mine, "my man" just as I was his woman.

Nature called and every bit of blood in me answered.

What matter whether that other girl loved him still or he had loved her once. He knew, as I did, the day we met that whatever had gone before was but a shadow of a dream; that there was nothing in this whole world for either of us but the other.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

Bunch of French scientists are on the brink of making an announcement that they are hot on the trail of the anti-hair germ. Rejoice, oh ye bald heads!

Wife—Oh, William, dear, do order a rat-trap to be sent home today! Husband—But you bought one last week. Wife—Yes, dear, but there's a rat in it!